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on the ground of the New Testament, and was always ready to advocate the cause by tongue and pen, and his advocacy of it was both scholarly and effective. His death will be widely and painfully felt.

Our friends in Europe are pushing with increased vigor the peace propaganda. Dr. Franz Wirth has since the Antwerp Congress been giving strong addresses in parts of Germany. Mr. Frederic Passy continues both to speak and write with his accustomed vigor. New peace societies are being formed in Germany. The Austrian Society is letting its light shine undimmed. Mr. Edmond Potonié Pierre, in a recent number of the *Epoque* (Paris), gives an interesting summary of the more recent phases of the propaganda. Dr. Wirth said in one of his recent speeches: "The peace movement has recently, in an encouraging way, taken a wider 'swing.' I am, for example, so busy that though I keep two stenographers I can scarcely keep up with my work. Inquiries come from all lands, even from Russia and Constantinople. The movement is growing everywhere, and I notice with joy that within the last few months a happy change for the better has come in the prospects of the peace-cause."

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

FRENCHMEN ARE ALSO MEN.

FROM THE DIARY OF A TEACHER.

BY ERNST ALMSLOH, BERLIN.

Translated from *Die Waffen Nieder*.

The experience which I have had to-day is a simple, natural one, but also a pleasant and helpful one.

I have never concealed from myself the fact that it would be very hard for me in my situation, to secure even the smallest results of my labors.

I am the only person in the Teachers' College who believes in the doctrine of peace. My colleagues are spirited, thorough-going hurrah-patriots, part of them indeed afflicted with that childish-naïve, loud-mouthed "patriotism," which prates about the old "hereditary enemy" and "foreign maliciousness." Two of them have even become lieutenants of the reserve troops, and they never fail to lay stress on this military distinction before everybody and on every occasion. They display their military standing on their calling cards. They give their instruction a strong military turn. On the Emperor's birthday, and similar patriotic occasions, they seek, by means of their dazzling uniform and the clang of their sabres, to impress on the whole school, from the director down to the most insignificant janitor, the importance of their station.

How can I venture to hope, then, that my words about the brutalizing cruelty of war, about the injustice of in-

ternational hatred, about the blessed beneficence of a perpetual peace, will take root in the hearts of my nine-year-old boys, when over them rushes inexorably the cold, icy, destructive storm-wind of a war-breathing patriotism, when the weighty authority of all the other teachers, with their trumpets and glitter, exalts the most bloody massacre of masses of men as the noblest activity of human beings!

On this account, the modest result which I secured to-day has impressed me all the more profoundly.

In the course of the day's instruction the word Paris was accidentally used. I am accustomed in such cases to try to find out by a few questions whether the children have gotten the right conception of the word.

"You have just used the word 'Paris.' Paris? Well, what is that?" I asked.

"Paris is a great city," answered one pupil promptly.

"Paris is situated in France," answered another.

"Paris is a bad city; only Frenchman live there," shouted another.

And then I heard a little fellow whispering to his neighbor: "Die Franzosen mit den rothen hosen." . . .

At first I had a mind to reprimand this little crier after revenge, when suddenly the thought came to me to take advantage of the occasion and try to find out whether in the case of any of the pupils a seed of peace principles had sprung up. Only yesterday, when I was talking with them about the Bible expression, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," I had tried with all the warmth of my heart to convince them that war — cruel war — is in contradiction not only with this but with all the beautiful sayings of the Martyr who died upon the cross in behalf of human love and the ennobling of humanity; and my description of the awful, inhuman sight of a battlefield had so affected the most of the little fellows that their deep pain and their intense sympathy with the suffering victims of war were unconsciously manifested in their innocent tell-tale faces and their tearful eyes.

So, I referred to the doggerel rhyme and had it repeated again.

Amid the titter of his comrades little Fritz proudly responded:

"Die Franzosen
Mit den rothen Hosen,
Mit den blauen Jacken,
Kriegen was auf den Nacken."

"And so you would like to give the French a sound thrashing, eh?"

"Yes, yes."

"But why, pray, do the French deserve a thrashing?"

"The French are all bad people, my papa said; they will not leave us (!) at peace."

"Yes, and Mr. Leipold said that they want to take from us our beautiful Germany."

"Then you would be very glad if we had another big

war like that in 1870, in which lots of Frenchmen should be killed."

"Yes, yes."

"And then you would all like to go out to the battle with the warriors, with a gun on your shoulder and a sword by your side?"

"O yes, yes," shouted the whole little "patriotic" crowd with glee; I am giving here the tone to which they have been made accustomed by their friends at home and their other teachers.

And the more I fanned their war spirit, the more joyful, to my great pain, did the whole crowd become, so that I was obliged to laugh bitterly at my great expectation that I should be able under such circumstances to bring about any improvement.

With a sort of despair I looked into all their gleaming eyes; I saw clearly that at that moment every one of them would be delighted to rush out, with his ruler in his hand in lieu of a sword, and prepare to be off for war.

And was there, then, not a single one among the thirty boys, in whom a single spark (of my peace-teaching) had caught?

My eye fell upon a little youngster who, quite different from his comrades, sat there still as a mouse, and was looking straight at me with his big, innocent, surprised eyes.

Perhaps little Rudolf might —? He is indeed my darling,—this blond-haired, blue-eyed boy with the shy frank spirit of the North Germans, who, difficult at first to win, afterwards cling with passionate attachment to him who has once secured their full confidence. Might he perhaps have felt, with a child's instinct, that what I had spoken was not true, that the contrary rather was the truth? And I said to him:

"Well, Rudi, you are the only one who is quiet."

Blushing he dropped his eyes.

"Will you not go out with us to battle against the wicked Frenchmen?"

He shook his head without speaking.

I rejoiced inwardly with great joy; yet I artfully put another question to him:

"But why will you alone not go? You are also a 'German' boy, are you not?"

Shyly and hesitatingly he answered, at the same time looking up to me as if imploring my help:

"I do not want to kill any man, and,—'Frenchmen, too, are men,' you told us yesterday."

For joy I could at that moment have pressed the dear little fellow to my heart, so moved and thankful was I over this naïve, innocent confession out of infant lips.

So my words had not been, as I had feared, entirely in vain. They had found an echo in a tender, finely tuned child's soul.

I am entirely satisfied with this first modest success; it has anew given me the strength to go on undiscouraged

in the work of sowing in the fruitful soil of the future — the receptive souls of the children — the seed of peace principles which are to redeem and bless the world.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A party of tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian, beginning "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?" "Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously, "I fought under General Grant." "Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think — indeed, I am quite sure — I was very near you, one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not very much mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand — the shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work, because I was a sure shot. Then upon the night rang the words —

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. You were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created, came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrows, how much more for man created in His own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of, until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

We have often wondered, in reading this story, if the singer ever thought of the inconsistency of his being in the war at all. There was enough Christianity present